Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke. Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *Yorke.*
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our noble brother:
Yor. Well my deare Lord; ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you Vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of *Yorke* will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am litle like an *A*
He thinkes that you ſhould bea
Buc. With what a ſharpe pro
To mittigate the ſcorne he giue
He pretely and aptly taunts hin
So cunning and ſo young is wo
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you p
My ſelfe and my good couſen
Will to your mother, to intreat
To meet you at the Tower, and
Yor. What will you goe vnto
Prin. My Lord *Protector* will
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quie
Glo. Why, what ſhould you fe
Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence*
My Granam told me he was mu
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I ho
Prin. And if they liue, I hope
But come my L. with a heauie
Thinking on them, goe I vnto
Exeunt. Prin. Yor. Haſt. D
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: thi
Whas not incenſed by his ſubt
To taunt and ſcorne you thus
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Ob
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forwa
He is all the mothers, from the
Buc. Well let them reſt: com
Thou art ſworne as deepely t
As cloſely to conceale what
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vr
What thinkeſt thou, is it not a
To make *William* L. *Haſtings*
For the inſtalment of this no
In the ſeate to all of this fam
Cateſ. He for his fathers ſak
That he will not be wonne to
Buc. What thinkeſt thou th

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